STORY HOUR READERS REVISED

BOOK TWO

COE AND CHRISTIE

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Miriam L Hanby

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STORY HOUR READERS REVISED

BOOK TWO

BY

IDA COE, Pd.M.

ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL, PUBLIC SCHOOLS
CITY OF NEW YORK

AND

ALICE CHRISTIE DILLON

PRIMARY TEACHER, PUBLIC SCHOOLS
CITY OF NEW YORK

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STORY HOUR READERS REVISED
BOOK TWO
W. P 27

MADE IN U. S. A.

PREFACE

METHOD. The value of the teaching method employed in the Story Hour Readers has been definitely established during the several years in which these readers have been used in schools. Its application to the teaching of reading under widely varying conditions has demonstrated its practical usefulness and adaptability as well as its theoretical soundness.

During the last few years, the teaching of reading has been exhaustively studied from many angles, and the current trend towards simplification of material in the early grades is very marked. The Story Hour Readers Revised are in harmony with these recent tendencies. They attack the easiest problems first, employ a simple though relatively extensive vocabulary, and secure the children's interest through variety of content.

In Second Year — First Half of the revised series, the method used in the earlier books is adapted to the teaching problems of this grade. The child's phonetic power is developed in dealing with new words; dramatization and oral reproduction continue to be important features of the language work; and silent reading, begun in First Year — Second Half, is here extended to the observation and discrimination of thought groups.

CONTENT. The material used in the Revised Second Year — First Half has a wide range of interest, including simple legendary and historical narratives as well as folk tales and fanciful stories.

MECHANICAL FEATURES. This book preserves in the earlier stories the phrase grouping which was a feature of

the Primer and Book One, but the lines throughout have been skillfully kept to normal length. Through this arrangement the child derives from the phrase grouping the assistance which he requires, and at the same time becomes accustomed to a normal page of type. After the first four stories the rigid phrase grouping is step by step abandoned.

An important mechanical aid in the use of the book for silent reading is supplied by the blank lines that mark the divisions of all thought groups which do not end with the page.

Aids. In order to make the work of the teacher easier, a revised Manual has been prepared, to accompany the Story Hour Readers Revised. The Manual gives detailed teaching plans for the entire work of each year. The phonetic and sight vocabulary is listed for each story, and the logical order of work is clearly explained. Instructions are also given therein for the use of the Perception Cards, which form a part of the teaching equipment.

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"Nikolina" by Celia Thaxter and "To a Honeybee" by Alice Cary, are used by permission of, and special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers of these authors.

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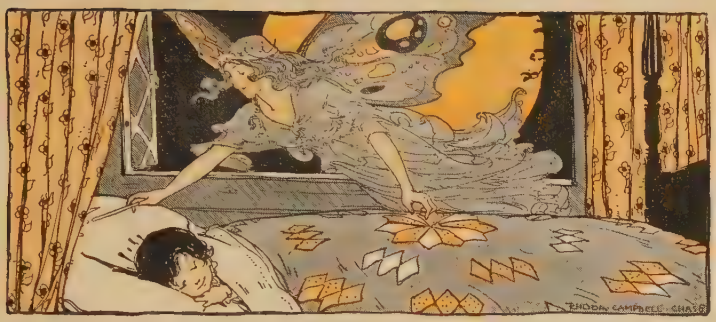


QUEEN MAB

A little fairy comes at night,
Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown,
With silver spots upon her wings,
And from the moon she flutters down.

She has a little silver wand,
And when a good child goes to bed,
She waves her hand from right to left,
And makes a circle round its head.

(To be read to the children)

And then it dreams of pleasant things:
Of fountains filled with fairy fish,
And trees that bear delicious fruit,
And bow their branches at a wish;

Of arbors filled with dainty scents
From lovely flowers that never fade;
Bright flies that glitter in the sun,
And glowworms shining in the shade;

And talking birds with gifted tongues,
For singing songs and telling tales,
And pretty dwarfs to show the way
Through fairy hills and fairy dales.

But when a bad child goes to bed,
From left to right she weaves her rings;
And then it dreams all through the night
Of only ugly horrid things!

Then wicked children wake and weep,
And wish the long black gloom away;
But good ones love the dark, and find
The night as pleasant as the day.

THOMAS HOOD.

Ruth M. Hallock

HAPPY

There was once a little monkey. He lived in a cage with his mother. The cage was in a park in the city.

The little monkey was full of fun, and did all kinds of tricks in his cage. His mother called him Happy.

The children of the park loved him, and stood by his cage all day long. Happy liked all the children, too, and often tried to do as they did.

A girl danced and Happy danced; but he tripped and fell on his face.

A baby cried and Happy looked sad. Then he tried hard to cry, too.

A boy broke a nut with a big stone. Happy picked up another big stone. Then he hit his own finger.

One day Happy said to his mother, "I have a bad toothache."

His mother saw the doctor monkey. "Happy has a bad toothache," she said.

The wise old doctor monkey said, "I will see Happy and try to cure him."

He came to see the little monkey. "Open your mouth," said he to Happy. "You have been eating too much candy. A piece of it is in your tooth now. We must get it out."

The wise old doctor monkey went to the keeper of the cage and said, "Poor Happy must see a real doctor. He has a bad toothache."

The keeper went to the real doctor. "Happy has a bad toothache," he said. "He needs to see a doctor at once. Will you come?"

"Yes, I will come," said the doctor. "I will fix his tooth and cure his ache. Happy is eating too much candy."

The doctor came to Happy's cage. Poor Happy sat very still in a corner and held his jaw in his paws.

"I have a toothache," said Happy.

"Now let me see," said the doctor, and Happy opened his mouth.

The doctor had a little toothbrush. He cleaned the tooth, and the ache left.

"Thank you, doctor!" said Happy.

Happy ran up and down the cage. The little children shouted with joy, "Happy is doing his old tricks again!"

One child gave him a piece of candy. Happy shook his head and held his jaw. He did not want the toothache again.

THE THREE WISHES

There was once a poor woodcutter, who worked all day in the forest.

He gathered great bundles of sticks and sold them in the village.

Once he had very bad luck indeed. No one wanted to buy any of his sticks. When night came he had not a cent to take home to his wife.

"Dear me!" said the poor woodcutter. "No supper for us to-night!"

Just then he heard a strange noise in the dead leaves near the path.

He turned to look, and saw a rabbit caught in a trap.

"Here is supper," cried the old man and ran to the trap.

"If you spare me," cried the rabbit, "I will grant the first three wishes made by you or your good wife."

"That is better than one supper," and the woodcutter opened the trap.

The rabbit ran off into the forest, and the happy woodcutter hurried home to tell the good news to his wife.

She met him at the door of the hut. "What have you brought for supper?" said she.

"Nothing!"

The woman waited for no more.

"Then there is nothing at all to eat," she wailed. "Oh, I wish I had a cake as big as a cart wheel!"

At once a cake appeared on the table. Such a large cake they had never seen.

"Wife, wife! What have you done?" cried the man. "We had three wishes. You have used one of them for a cake. I wish it were hung from your nose."

As he spoke, the cake rose slowly, and stuck to the old woman's nose.

The poor woodcutter was surprised. He pulled, but the cake stuck fast.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Take it away!" cried the woman, but there it stayed.

"Never mind," said the woodcutter. "We have one more wish. Let us ask for all the riches in the world."

"But my nose!" cried the woman. "What is gold to me, while I have this great cake on my nose?"

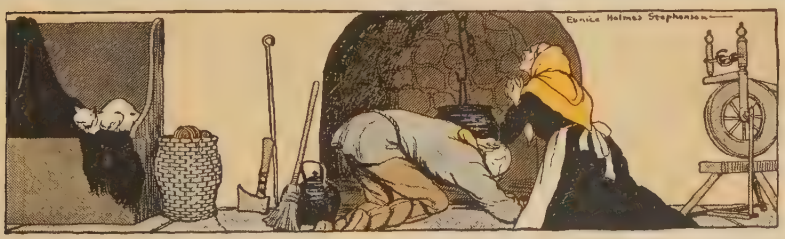
"Hush!" cried the old woodcutter, but his wife would not hush.

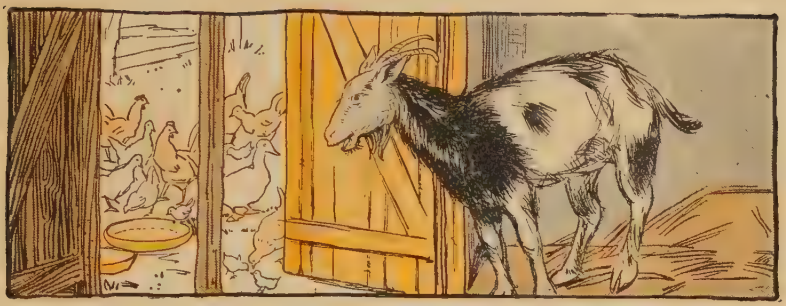
Then the woodcutter became angry.

"Away with the cake!" he shouted. "I wish it would fly up the chimney!"

Before the old man had said it, the big cake rolled from its place, and then flew up the chimney.

A few crumbs rattled in the ashes, and that was the end of the three wishes.





TED BILLY GOAT'S BARNYARD

Ted Billy Goat lived in a little pen in one corner of the barn.

When the gate of his pen was opened, he always ran out into the barnyard.

Then he tossed his head and said, "This is *my* barnyard."

One day, when the gate was opened, he saw a small dog in the yard.

Ted dashed out of his pen at once, and tossed the dog over the fence.

The other animals were frightened and ran as fast as they could go.

"Cluck! Ted Billy Goat is here," the hen called to her little chickens. "No more scratching to-day! Come!"

"Quack! Ted Billy Goat is here. We must go to the pond," said the duck.

"Gobble, gobble!" called the turkey. "Follow me to the woods, my children. Ted never lets anyone else stay here."

Last of all, even the little fat pig squeezed through a gate and ran away.

Then Ted strutted up and down and said, "This is *my* barnyard."

At last he saw some one by the barn. Ted walked closer and looked at him. Yes, some one was in his barnyard.

"Who are you?" cried Ted Billy Goat.

Jimmy Scarecrow did not answer.

Then Ted Billy Goat dashed forward and buried his horns in Jimmy's legs.

Jimmy did not move or say anything, but Ted could not get away.

"Let me go or you will be very sorry. I will toss you over the fence," cried Ted.

Still he could not get away.

All day long, Jimmy held him there. Ted was very tired and thirsty.

"If you please, sir, let me go," he said.

Then Jimmy Scarecrow said slowly, "Will you answer me two questions?"

"I will try, sir," said Ted.

"To whom does this yard belong?"

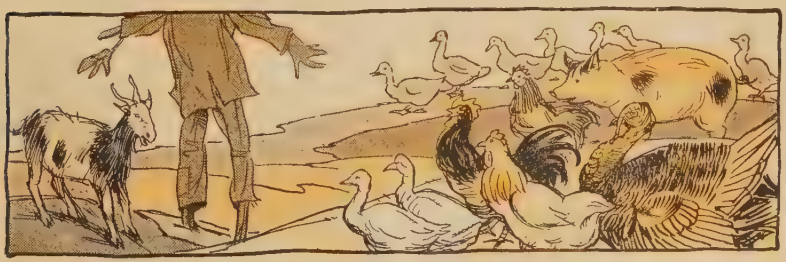
"To all who wish to come into it," said Ted.

"How long can you remember that?" asked Jimmy.

"I think I shall never forget it, sir," said Ted.

"You may go," said Jimmy Scarecrow.

Ted went, and all the animals say that he kept his promise.



MACINER WRIGHT—ENRIGHT

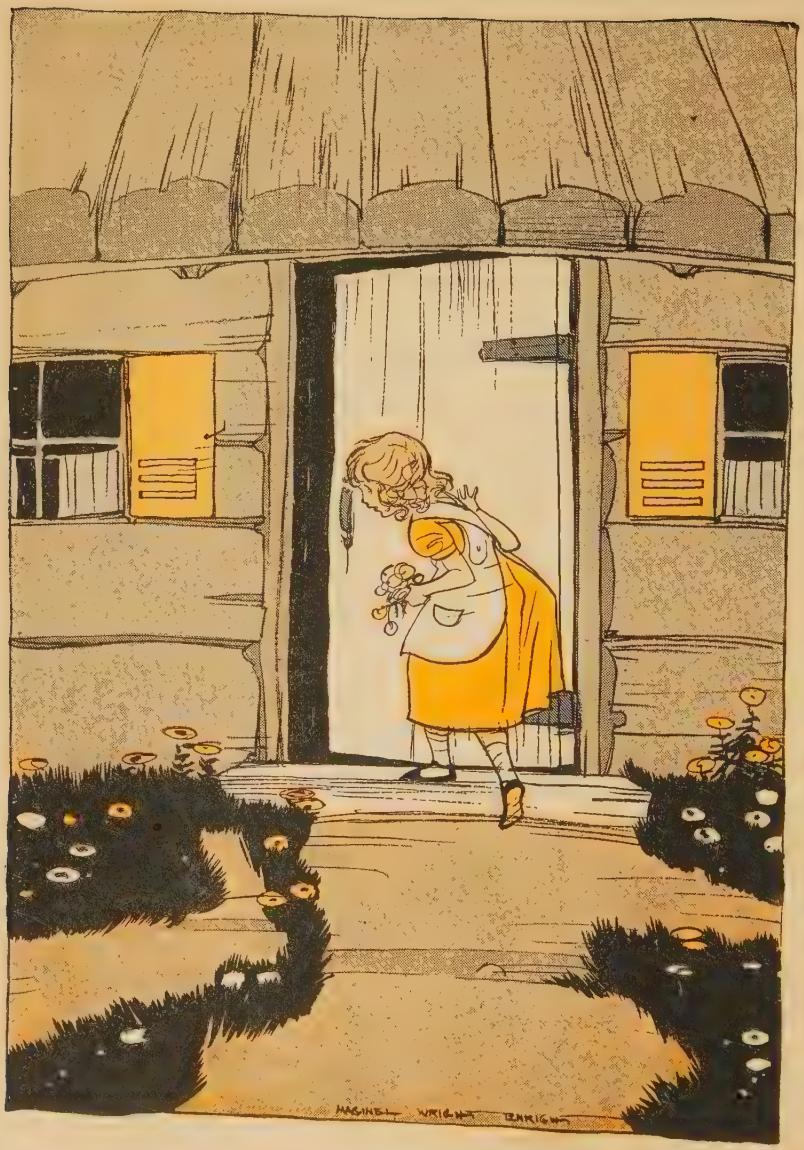
BED IN SUMMER

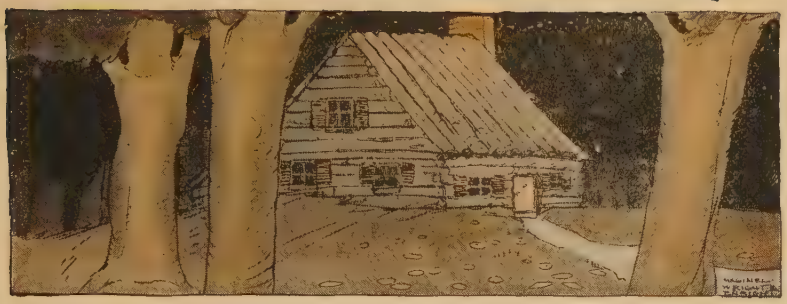
In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candlelight.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.





THE THREE BEARS

Long ago, there were three bears. They lived in a cabin in the woods.

Father Bear was a very big bear. Mother Bear was a middle-sized bear. Baby Bear was a tiny, wee bear.

One day Mother Bear made porridge. When it was done, she put it in bowls and set it on the table to cool.

Then the bears all went for a walk.

Just at the time they were away, little Goldilocks went to the cabin.

The little girl knocked at the door.

When no one answered her knock, she lifted the latch and walked in.

As soon as she entered the room, she saw the three bowls of porridge.

First of all the little girl tasted the porridge in Father Bear's big bowl. It was too hot to eat.

Then Goldilocks tasted the porridge in the Mother Bear's middle-sized bowl. It was too cold to eat.

At last she tried to eat the porridge in the little Baby Bear's tiny bowl. It was neither too hot nor too cold.

She ate all this porridge.

Then Goldilocks looked about her. She saw three chairs in the room.

The little girl was very, very tired. She thought that she would rest.

She sat down in Father Bear's chair. It was too big and too hard for her. Goldilocks climbed down at once.

Then she tried Mother Bear's chair. It was not large, but it was too soft for her.

At last she sat in Baby Bear's chair. It was a tiny chair, but not too soft. It was exactly right.

Goldilocks liked this little chair. She sat in it and rocked so very hard that it broke.

"I think I shall go upstairs now," said Goldilocks.

She went up to the bears' bedroom. There she saw three beds.

She climbed up on Father Bear's bed. It was too high at the head.

She climbed up on Mother Bear's bed. It was too high at the foot.

She climbed up on Baby Bear's bed. It was just right, and she lay there and fell fast asleep.

MARION WRIGHT BRIGHT

Before very long the three bears came back from their walk.

They went at once to the long table where the three bowls stood.

Suddenly big Father Bear cried out:

"WHO HAS BEEN TASTING MY PORRIDGE?"

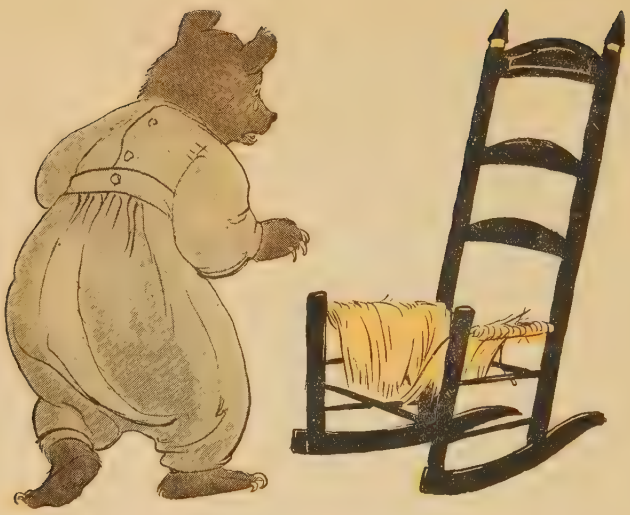
Then middle-sized Mother Bear said in her middle-sized voice,

"WHO HAS BEEN TASTING MY PORRIDGE?"

Baby Bear said in his wee voice,

"WHO HAS BEEN TASTING MY PORRIDGE AND HAS EATEN ALL OF IT?"

Then the three bears all growled, and looked around the room.



Father Bear looked at his big chair, which stood in the corner.

Then he said in his big voice,

"WHO HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR?"

Middle-sized Mother Bear said,

"WHO HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR?"

Tiny, wee Baby Bear said,

" WHO HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR
AND HAS BROKEN IT TO PIECES?"

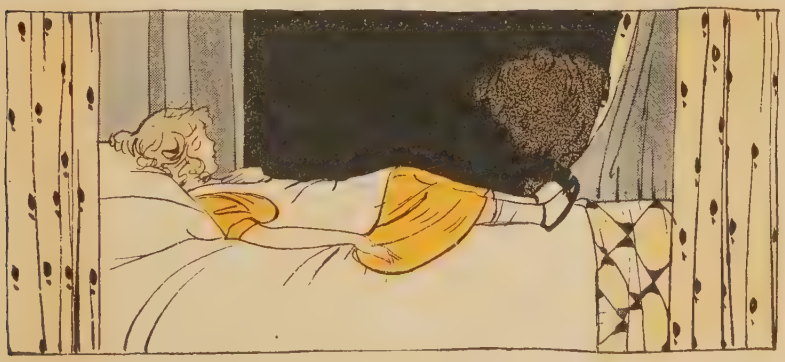
Then the three bears went upstairs. They walked into their big bedroom and looked at their beds.

Father Bear said in his big voice.

"WHO HAS BEEN LYING
ON MY BED?"

Mother Bear said,

"WHO HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED?"



Little Baby Bear said,

"WHO HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED?
WHO IS LYING THERE NOW?"

The bear's voice woke Goldilocks. When she saw three bears in the room, she jumped out of the open window and ran all the way home.

SPRY MOUSE AND MR. FROG

Spry Mouse had a nest in a field. Mr. Frog lived in a pond near by.

One day the mouse invited Mr. Frog to visit her.

The very next day Mr. Frog called and brought his new banjo with him. He played the banjo and sang a song, and Spry Mouse danced for him.

After the dance the mouse served tea. She gave Mr. Frog a dish of fresh flies. He liked these very much.

When tea was over, Mr. Frog said, "It is time for me to go home, now. I have enjoyed my visit very much. I wish you would visit me in my home. Will you come with me now?"

"No, thank you," said Spry Mouse. "I cannot visit you in your own home, for you live on a log in the big pond. I do not like to swim."

"You need not swim," said the frog. "Here is a good strong blade of grass. With it, I can tie your foot to mine. Then I can tow you along like a boat while I do the swimming."

"Very well," said Spry Mouse.

Then Mr. Frog took the blade of grass and tied Spry Mouse to his foot.

"When I say three, be ready to jump. One, two, three!" he said.

They jumped as far as they could. Away they went, with a big splash, into the lily pond.

Spry Mouse was frightened.

"Please take me back!" she cried. "Take me to my nest in the tall grass. Please, Mr. Frog, I am much afraid, and I do not like to swim."

Mr. Frog only laughed at the mouse when she cried.

"Do not be afraid," he said to her. "I will take care of you."

Then the mouse pulled upward. Naughty Mr. Frog pulled downward, but Spry Mouse was very strong.

Mr. Hawk flew over the same pond. He saw the frog and mouse together in the water.

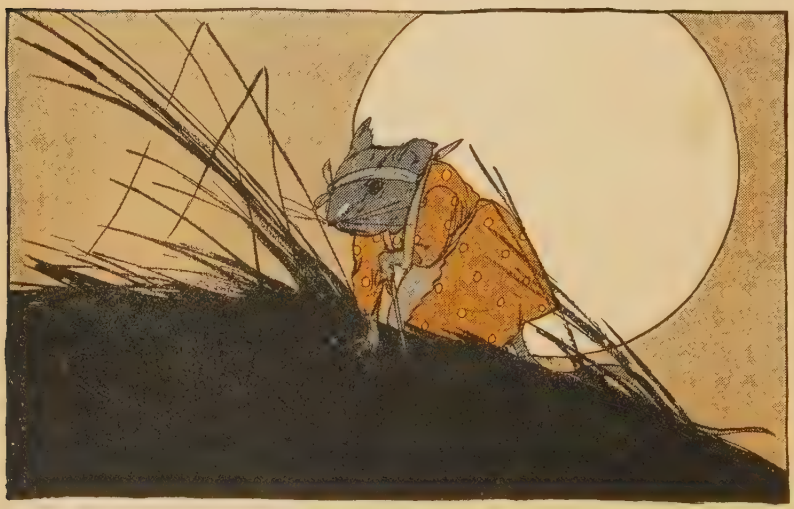
"I must catch Mr. Frog for dinner," thought Mr. Hawk.

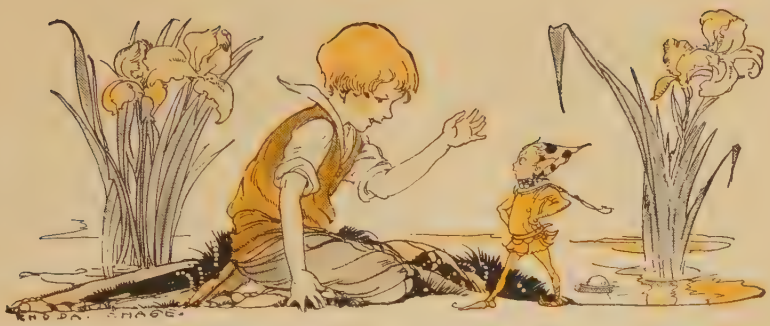
Then he flew down to the pond and caught Mr. Frog by the neck.

The mouse pulled with all her might. At last she broke the strong grass and tumbled to the ground.

"Oh, dear me! I shall never again visit Mr. Frog," said poor Spry Mouse as she hobbled home that night.

And she never did.





THE LITTLE ELF

I met a little Elf man once,
Down where the lilies blow.
I asked him why he was so small,
And why he did not grow.

He slightly frowned, and with his eye
He looked me through and through.
"I'm quite as big for me," he said,
"As you are big for you."

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE REAL PRINCESS

Once upon a time there was a prince. He traveled all over the world to look for a real princess.

He went to every king he could find, and to each one he said the same thing: "O King, I am seeking a real princess. If I find one, she shall become my wife and share my kingdom."

"That is very easy," said each king. "Here are my daughters. Each of them is a real princess. Take your choice."

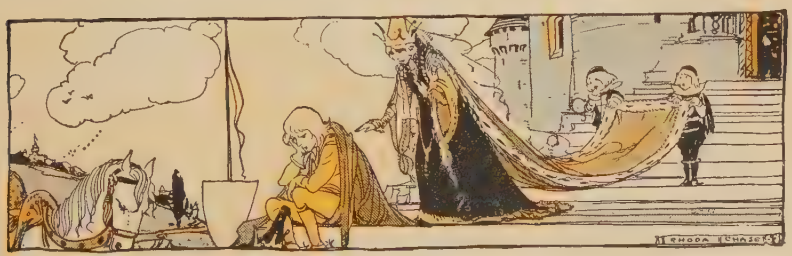
When he saw the king's daughters, the prince was never satisfied.

"I fear they are not *real* princesses," he always said.

He went from kingdom to kingdom, until he traveled all around the world. At last he came back home again.

His mother, the queen, found him sitting on the steps of the palace. "Did you find a princess?" she asked.

"I found many of them," he replied. "They always said they were real, but I could not be sure."



That night there was a heavy storm. The wind howled and the rain poured.

At the very worst part of the storm, there came a knock at the palace gate.

"Who is there?" asked the guard.

"A real princess," said a soft voice. "May I come in? I am very cold."

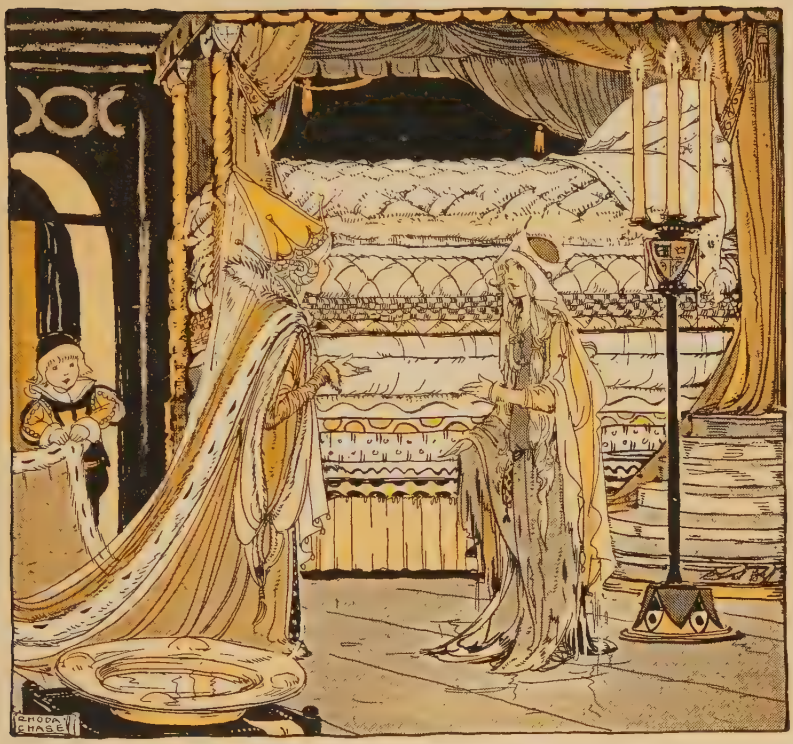
The guard brought the poor princess to the queen at once.

Her hair was dripping with rain, and her gown was torn and muddy. Still, she looked like a real princess.

"If I could be sure!" said the prince.

"I will make sure," said the queen. She went away to prepare a fine bed for the princess.

The bed was very high and soft. No queen ever had a more beautiful one.



Under the very lowest mattress, the queen placed a tiny pea.

Then she brought the tired princess.

"I hope you will rest well to-night," said the queen.

Next morning, at the breakfast table, the princess was very pale.

"Did you rest well?" asked the queen.

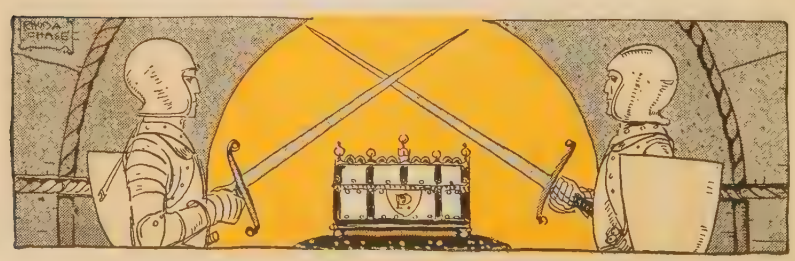
"Not at all," said the poor princess. "There was a great lump in my bed, and I really could not sleep at all."

Then the prince and his mother both laughed for joy.

"Our long search is ended," they cried. "We have found the real princess."

As for the pea, it was put in a box and laid in a safe place.

If it is not lost, it is there still.



THE SUN'S TRAVELS

The sun is not abed, when I
At night upon my pillow lie;
Still round the earth his way he takes,
And morning after morning makes.

While here at home, in shining day,
We round the sunny garden play,
Each little Indian sleepyhead
Is being kissed and put to bed.

And when at eve I rise from tea,
Day dawns beyond the Atlantic Sea,
And all the children in the West
Are getting up and being dressed.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

MAYOR RAT'S NIECE

White Rat lived with her uncle. Her uncle was Mayor of Ratville.

Everyone loved the gentle White Rat because she was so beautiful.

Mr. Gray Fur lived in Ratville, too. He saw how beautiful White Rat was, and he wished to marry her.

Every day he would call at her home and bring her wheat and other dainties which rats like.

This made Mayor Rat very angry.

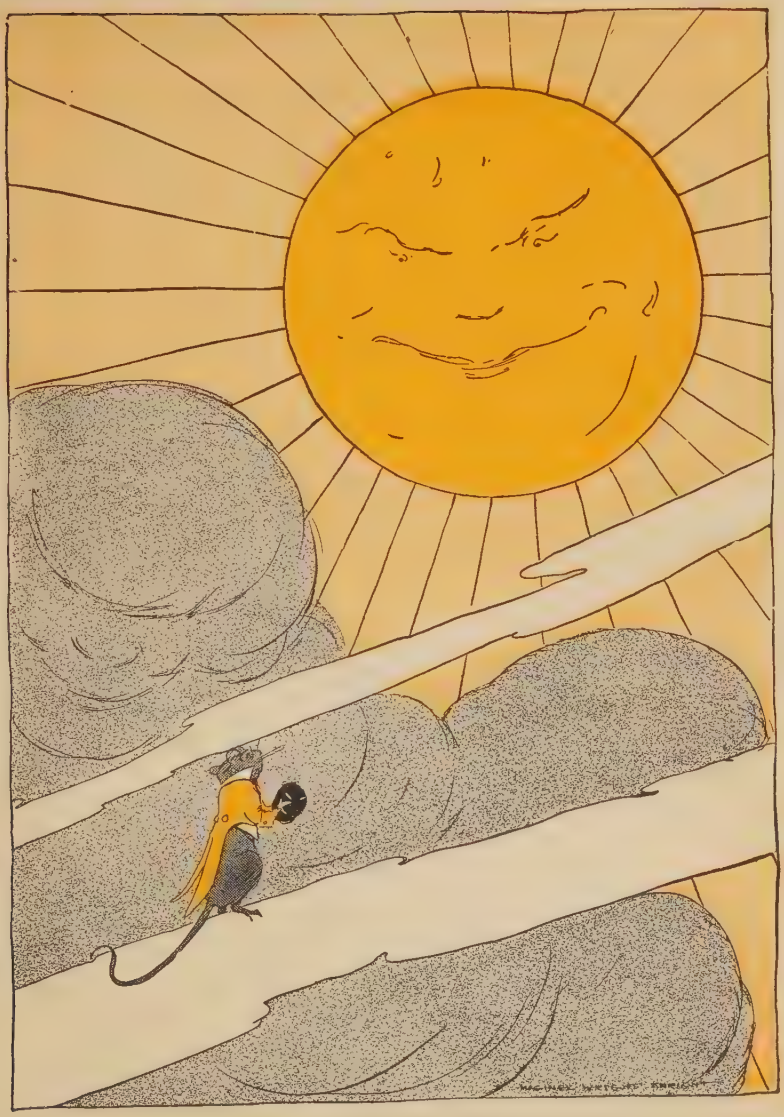
One fine morning he said to his wife, "Gray Fur shall not marry our niece. She must marry the greatest person in the world."

"Who is that?" asked his wife.

"The sun stands up there in the sky and gives us light," said the Mayor. "He is the greatest person in the world. Perhaps he will marry our White Rat. I shall ask him."

The Mayor climbed up the blue sky that morning, until he met the sun.

"O golden Sun," cried Mayor Rat, "you are so bright that you must be the very greatest person in the world. Please marry my niece, White Rat."



"You are mistaken," said the sun. "Do you see that great black cloud? North Wind is behind it, and drives it over here to make me hide my face. North Wind is greater than I."

"Thank you for telling me. Perhaps he will marry my niece," said the rat.

Mayor Rat ran behind the cloud. Sure enough, there was North Wind.

"North Wind, I am sure that you are the very greatest person in the world. Please marry my niece, White Rat."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed North Wind. "You are much mistaken. I am not the greatest person in the world.

"Do you see the strong stone wall which stands around your own garden? He does not move, even when I blow. He is much greater than I am.

"Go and see him."

The rat climbed down from the sky and walked home very slowly.

Then he went to the garden wall

"Wall, you are the greatest person in the whole world," said Mayor Rat. "Please marry my niece, White Rat."

"Ha, ha, ha! you are much mistaken. Young Mr. Gray Fur is greater than I. He can gnaw me and make me fall," said the stone wall.

"I do seem to have made a mistake. I must go to see Mr. Gray Fur after all," Mayor Rat said to himself.

Now White Rat and Mr. Gray Fur were both in the garden near the wall. When they heard what Mayor Rat said, Gray Fur ran around the wall.

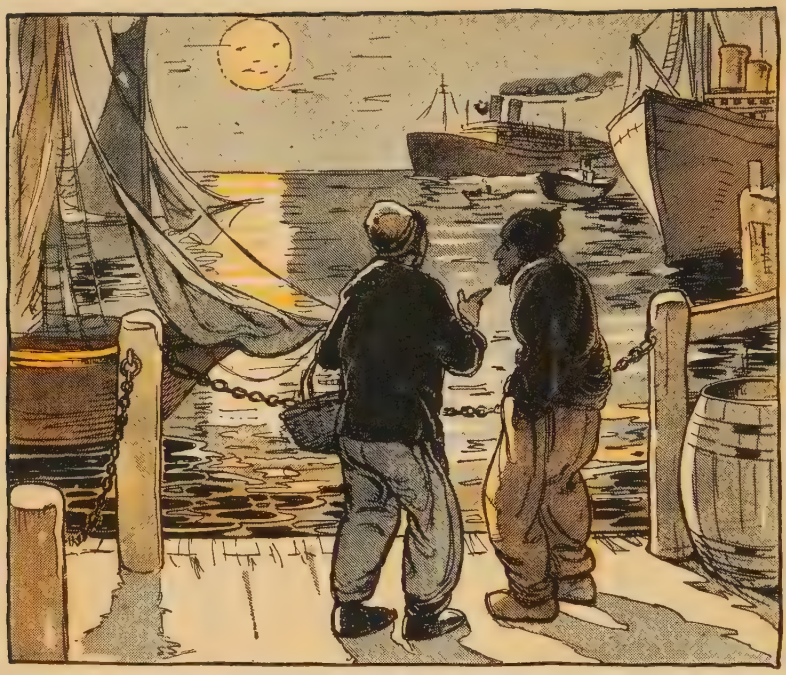
"Do you wish to see me?" he asked.

"Perhaps I do," said the poor Mayor. "Now do you really think that you are the greatest person in the world?"

"I think I am," said Mr. Gray Fur. "I shall be glad to marry your niece."

Mayor Rat did not like this very well but he could not do anything about it.

The wedding took place next day, and Mr. Gray Fur made his new home very close to the friendly wall.



THE MOON

The moon has a face
like the clock in the hall.
She shines on thieves on the garden wall,
On streets and fields and harbor quays,
And birdies asleep
in the forks of the trees.

The squalling cat
and the squeaking mouse,
The howling dog
by the door of the house,
The bat, that lies
in bed at noon,
All love to be out
by the light of the moon.

But all of the things
that belong to the day
Cuddle to sleep
to be out of her way;
And flowers and children
close their eyes,
Till up in the morning
the sun shall arise.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE FRIENDLY INDIANS

When Mary Stone was a little girl, she lived in a log cabin in Wisconsin.

The forest was all around the cabin, and in the forest were many Indians.

Mary's mother told her never to go to the forest alone, because the Indians were there.

One day, Mary and her little brother were playing together under the trees.

Suddenly they saw six tall Indians coming toward them.

Mary and her brother hid behind trees and watched the Indians go past.

"They are surely going to our house," she whispered softly to her brother. "We must run down the shorter path, and tell mother they are coming."

The children ran through the forest and reached the cabin before the Indians.

"Mother, the Indians are coming!" they cried.

If the mother was badly frightened, she did not show it.

"Just be quiet, and all will be well," she said.

Then she hurried to prepare dinner.

When the Indians came, they had a fine dinner. They stayed all day. When night came, they went home with their hands full of presents.

For a time the Indians did not come again. Then, one day, Mary saw them coming across the snow.

"What can we do?" cried the mother. "We are so poor that I can give them nothing. They will be very angry."

Just then the tallest Indian knocked at the door. Mrs. Stone lifted the latch and the Indians walked in.

They said nothing, but walked over to the fire to warm their cold hands. Then they went away again.

After they were gone, the children found a big bundle outside the door.

They brought it in and opened it. Inside were moccasins and snow shoes, warm furs, and, best of all, dry corn and deer's meat for the hungry family.

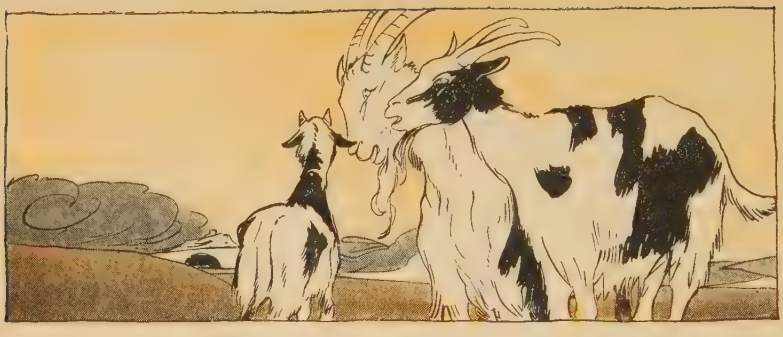
R.HODA
CHASE

BOATS SAIL ON THE RIVERS

Boats sail on the rivers,
And ships sail on the seas;
But clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven,
And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.



THE THREE GOATS

Long ago there were three goats. They lived in a meadow near a river.

There were Billy Goat, Nanny Goat, and a little goat, whose name was Frisky.

One morning Frisky happened to look across the river.

"Look at the grass on the other side of the river! Let us go over there," he cried.

"Oh, no! I am afraid of the giant!" said Billy Goat. "He owns the bridge over the river. He will surely catch us if we try to go over the bridge."

Frisky walked away, feeling very sad.

Suddenly he heard some one say, "Why are you so sad, Frisky?"

Frisky turned and saw a tiny dwarf. He told the dwarf about the giant.

"I will help you," said the dwarf. "Sing this little song when you cross the bridge. The giant will not see you if you do that.

"Run, little goat! The grass is green.
Good little goats will not be seen."

Frisky was delighted and ran home to tell the other goats.

When he sang the song for them, the other goats laughed at him.

"Oh, very well, then," said Frisky. "I shall go over the bridge alone."

Off he started. Trip—trap—trip, went Frisky's feet on the bridge.

The giant heard the noise.

"Who is walking over my bridge?" the giant roared.

Frisky was very much frightened but he sang the song:

"Run, little goat! The grass is green.
Good little goats will not be seen."

Then the giant could not see Frisky.

The little goat ran over the bridge and began to eat grass in the meadow.

When Nanny Goat saw that Frisky was across the river, she also started for the bridge.

Trip— trap, went Nanny Goat's feet on the bridge. The giant heard them.

"Who is walking over my bridge?" roared the giant.

Nanny was very much frightened. She tried to remember Frisky's song, but she could sing only part of it:

"Run, little goat! The grass is green.
Run, little goat! The grass is green."

Now that was only half of the song. When the giant ran up to the bridge, he saw Nanny's head and her front feet.

He was so surprised to see half a goat that he stood still and looked at her. He did not even say a word.

Then Nanny Goat ran to the meadow and began to eat grass.

When Billy Goat saw the others eating the green grass, he thought, "If they crossed the bridge, I can, too. What was Frisky's song? Oh, yes—

"Over the bridge the grass is green.
Goats who run will never be seen."

Trip-trap — trip-trap — trip-trap — went Billy Goat's feet on the bridge.

"Who is walking over my bridge?" roared the Giant.

Billy was frightened, but he sang,

"Over the bridge the grass is green.
Goats who run will never be seen."

Now Billy Goat's song was all wrong, and a very strange thing happened— Billy Goat began to grow. He grew until he was as large as the giant.

When the giant saw this change, he tried to strike the goat with his club.

Billy Goat turned quickly and pushed the giant into the river.

"He is gone," said Billy Goat sadly, "but how can I ever grow small again?"

Just then the dwarf appeared.

"That was a strange song," said he. "Sing it again for me."

Billy Goat sang the song once more, and suddenly he was the right size.

"Thank you!" said Billy. He bowed and ran over to eat grass in the meadow.

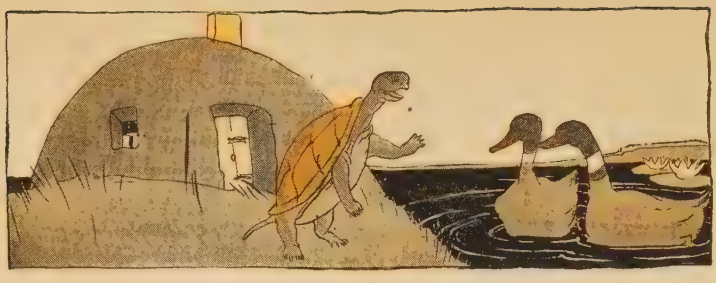
THE SWING

How do you like to go up in a swing?
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the country side.

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



THE STORY OF MR. SHELLBACK

Mr. Shellback was a turtle. He lived in a queer little brown mud house, close beside a lily pond.

Wild ducks often flew over the pond or swam among the lilies.

One day two of the ducks came to look for something to eat. Mr. Shellback saw them and called, "Come here and talk to me."

The ducks stopped swimming and went to Mr. Shellback's house.

The turtle talked so much and made such clever remarks that the same ducks visited him again.

Very soon they became good friends.

At last the time came for the ducks to leave the pond and fly far away, to a warm country. They went to bid the turtle good-by.

"How lonely I shall be!" the turtle said. "If I had wings, I would fly away, too."

The ducks were very sorry to find the turtle so sad.

"Let us think of a plan," they said, "so that you can go with us."

A stout stick lay on the ground near Mr. Shellback's mud house.

"This is the very thing we need!" said the ducks when they saw it. "Now, if you will go along with us, we will carry you on this stout hickory stick.

"We ask but one favor of you. Please close your mouth tightly, and do not say a word to anyone while we travel through the air."

"That is simple," said Mr. Shellback. "I can easily grant that favor."

Early next morning the two ducks called for Mr. Shellback. Each duck held one end of the stick in his strong, flat bill.

The turtle stood between the ducks and held the middle of the big stick in his mouth.

When the three friends were ready, the two ducks flew high in the air.

Mr. Shellback was between them, holding fast to the stick.

The children of the town followed after, running through the meadow.

"It is Mr. Shellback taking a ride! Do look at him!" they shouted.

The angry turtle wanted to say, "You are simply jealous of me, because you see I am having a fine ride!"

He remembered his promise, and he did not say a word.

"Do look at Mr. Shellback!" cried the children.

The turtle was angry, and he opened his mouth to answer. In doing this, he let go of the hickory stick.

He came tumbling through the air, and the next moment he lay lifeless on the ground.

The children ran to him and called him by name, but he did not speak.

"Oh, Mr. Shellback, Mr. Shellback! Speak to us!" they cried.

One boy took a short stick and tried to turn him over. The poor turtle did not move again.

"Poor Mr. Shellback!" the children cried. "He could not keep his mouth closed. That is why he has lost his life."

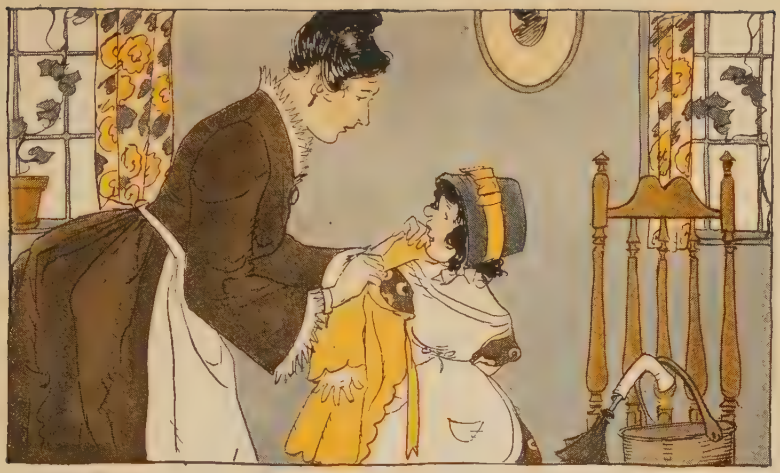
Then they went home very sad.

WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you:
But when the leaves hang trembling,
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I:
But when the trees bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.



LILY ETTA AND THE LITTLE BEAR

"Oh, Lily Etta," called Aunt Laura, "I want you to go to the store. Carry my green umbrella, for I expect rain."

"I am ready, Aunt Laura," Lily Etta said cheerfully, and away she went.

When Lily Etta left the house, she opened the green umbrella and held it high over her head.

Suddenly, with a swoop, the wind lifted the umbrella and the little girl.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Lily Etta as she was lifted into the air. The umbrella carried her up and up, over the tops of the tallest trees.

As she reached the topmost branch of a tall pine tree, Lily Etta became frightened. She let go of the umbrella and jumped into the branches.

The umbrella sailed away. Then Lily Etta scrambled down from the tree and looked around. She did not know where to go.

"What shall I do?" she thought. "I have lost Aunt Laura's umbrella." Lily Etta began to cry.

All at once she heard a queer noise. She peeped through the bushes and saw, to her surprise, a little brown bear.

"Why are you crying, little girl?" he asked.

Lily Etta wiped her eyes.

"I have lost Aunt Laura's umbrella," she said. "It took me up into a tree, and then it flew away from me."

"Let me help you," said the bear. "I will take you to Mr. Eagle."

They soon came to Mr. Eagle's nest.

"How do you do?" said Mr. Eagle. "What can I do for you to-day?"

"Mr. Eagle, will you please look through your spyglass, and let us know if you can see an umbrella anywhere among the trees?"

Mr. Eagle looked through his spyglass. At last he spoke.

"Was it a green umbrella?"

"Yes," Lily Etta answered.

"Did it have an ivory handle?"

"Yes," said Lily Etta.

"Your umbrella," said Mr. Eagle, "is in the very tip top of a tall tree near the soda-water fountain. I will carry both of you there on my back."

Then Lily Etta and the bear mounted Mr. Eagle's back, and away they flew through the air. They flew high up above the trees of the forest.

After a while the bear said, "Lily Etta, I see your umbrella on a tree of sweet chocolate. Mr. Eagle will land there. Then we can take the umbrella and eat as much of the sweet chocolate as we wish."

Before they could even blink an eye, Mr. Eagle had landed the two friends in the tree. Then he flew away.

"Thank you," cried Lily Etta.

The little bear climbed to the top of the tree. He took down the green umbrella and gave it to Lily Etta.

Then they sat on one of the branches of the tree and ate sweet chocolate.

"Oh, how thirsty I am!" cried Lily Etta at last.

"Come with me, then, and drink soda from the fountain," said the bear.

They both climbed down and went to the soda fountain. There they drank all the soda they wanted.

Then Lily Etta thought of something. She had been away a very long time. Her aunt did not know where she was.

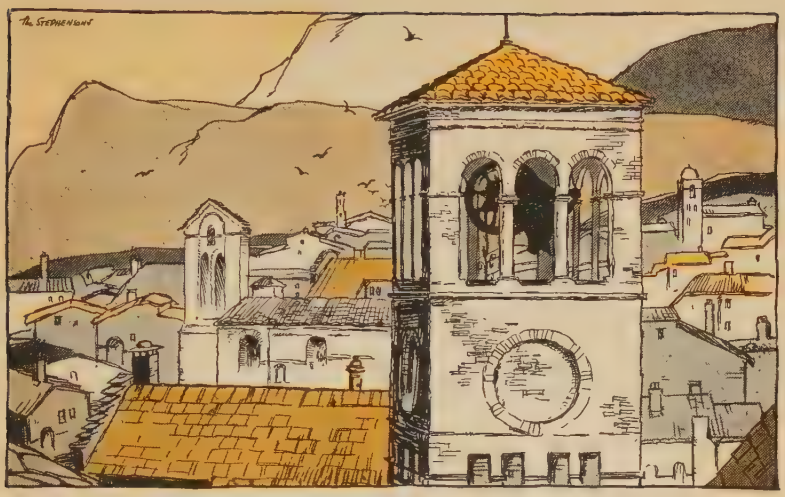
"Oh, dear me!" cried Lily Etta. "Aunt Laura told me to go to the store, and I forgot all about it. She does not know where I am. I must go home."

The little bear stretched out his paw as if he wanted to keep her.

Just then a hand touched Lily Etta. "Are you dreaming, little girl?" asked Aunt Laura.

"No, indeed," said Lily Etta. "I went for a ride with a little brown bear, and we drank soda together. He was here a minute ago. Where did he go so suddenly?"

She hurried to the door and looked for the little bear, but she never saw him again.



THE BELL OF ATRI

Long ago, in Atri, there was a tower close beside the city gate.

A great bell with a very long rope hung in this tower.

"This bell is for those in trouble," said the duke. "Even a child may ring it. When it rings, all Atri will come."

For many years the bell hung there, and very often it was rung.

At last the rope was so badly worn that it broke. In all Atri there was no rope long enough for this bell.

"What shall we do?" cried the men. "Some one may need to ring this bell."

Then one looked at the grapevines that climbed over the tower.

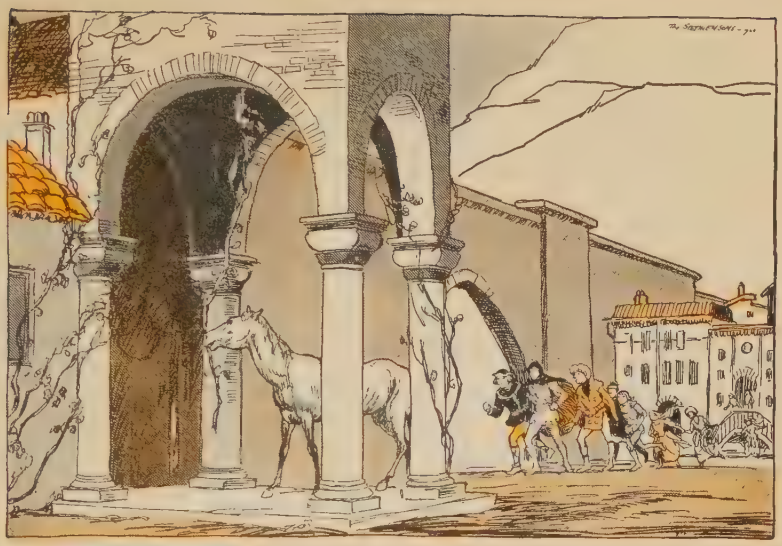
"Here is our new rope," he cried.

He took the vines and twisted them until he made a long, strong rope.

Then he fastened the rope to the bell.

That same day the bell was rung, and the people came running.

They found no one there, but a horse was eating leaves from the new rope.



"Who rings the bell?" asked the duke.

"It is only a poor old white horse," said the people.

"Perhaps he needs help," said the duke. "Tell me about him."

"He belongs to the miser," said one. "When the horse was young, he carried his master on his back.

"Now that he is too old to do any work, his master gives him no food at all. He was eating leaves from the rope."

"Ah," said the duke, "he did very well to ring the Bell of Atri.

"Bring the miser to me."

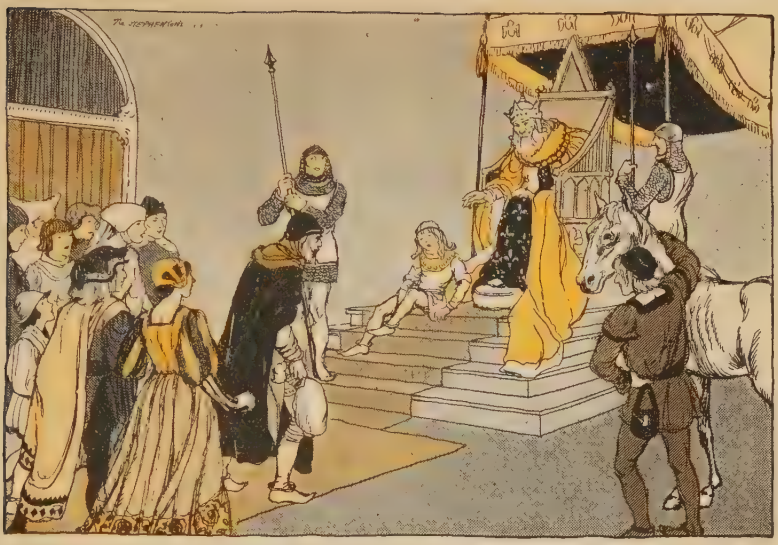
The old miser was badly frightened when he was told to come to the duke, but he could not say no.

"Is this your horse?" asked the duke.

"He was once, but I really do not care for him now," said the miser.

The duke frowned and shook his head.

"Give me your bag of gold," he said. "With this I shall build a warm stable. There your horse shall live in comfort for the rest of his life."



The miser looked around the place, but there was no one to help him.

Very slowly he walked up to the duke and gave him the bag.

Then he turned and went to his home. He knew that the duke was right.

The old horse had rung the bell, and all Atri had come to help him.

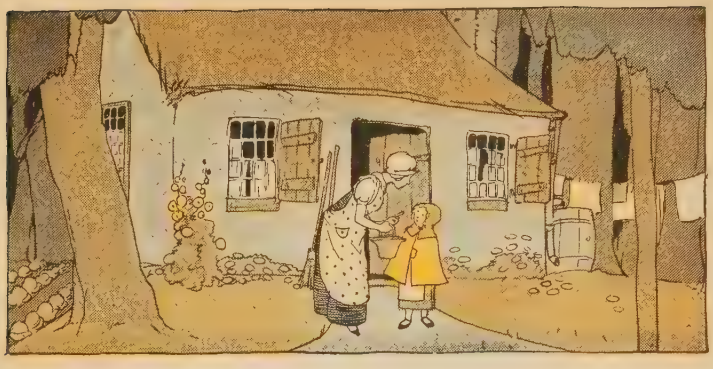
RHODA · CHASE

NIKOLINA

Oh, tell me, little children,
have you seen her—
The tiny maid from Norway,
Nikolina?
Oh, her eyes are blue
as cornflowers in the corn,
And her cheeks are rosy red
as skies at morn.

In her little garden
many a flower is growing—
Red, gold, and purple,
in the soft wind blowing—
But the child that stands
among the blossoms gay
Is sweeter, quainter,
brighter far than they.

CELIA THAXTER.



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

A little girl once lived in a cottage near a great forest. She often wore a long red cloak and a little red hood. For this reason, she was always called Little Red Riding Hood.

No other children lived very near her. Little Red Riding Hood often played alone in the forest with the animals and birds. Even the shy little rabbits came to eat carrots from her hand.

One day her mother called to her, "Come here, Little Red Riding Hood."

"Yes, mother," cried the little girl.

She found her mother at the door, with a basket in her hand.

"Your grandmother is not well," said the mother. "I want you to take her this basket of butter and cakes. Follow the path through the forest. Be sure not to stop to play, and be very sure not to talk to the wicked wolf."

Red Riding Hood ran down the path. Soon she saw some red berries.

"Grandmother always likes these," she thought, and began to pick them. As she did so, the big gray wolf came from behind a tree.

Red Riding Hood did not see him.

"Good morning," said the big wolf. "May I help you pick berries?"

Red Riding Hood forgot all about what her mother had told her.

"Yes, indeed," she cried. "I want to fill the whole basket and take it to my grandmother."

"Where does your grandmother live?" asked the wolf while he picked berries.

"Down at the end of this path," said Red Riding Hood.

The wolf laughed aloud and showed his teeth. Then he ran away.

He ran until he reached the house where the grandmother lived. There he knocked at the door.

"Who is there?" cried grandmother.

"Only Little Red Riding Hood," said the wolf.

"Come in, dear," said grandmother.

The door opened and the wolf came in. When grandmother saw the big wolf, she forgot that she was sick, and ran through the forest.

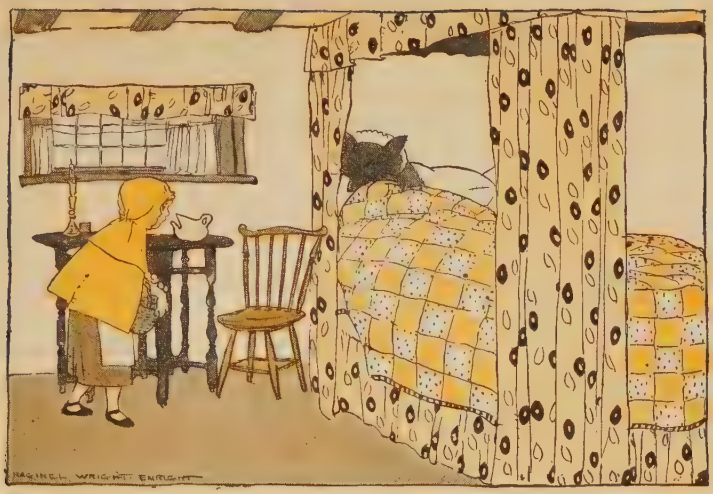
When she was gone, the wolf put on her cap and dress and climbed into bed.

Very soon Red Riding Hood tapped at the door.

"Come in, my dear," said the wolf.

Red Riding Hood entered the room.

"Good morning, grandmother! Here are some cakes and berries for you," said the little girl.



"Put them on my table," said the wolf. "I am glad you have come, for I am very hungry."

Red Riding Hood came nearer.

"What large eyes you have!" she said to the wolf.

"The better to see you, my dear!"

"What long arms you have!"

"The better to hug you, my dear!"

"But, grandmother, why are your teeth so sharp?"

"So that I may eat you, my dear," cried the wicked wolf.

He sprang out of the high bed and ran toward the little girl. Red Riding Hood began to cry.

Suddenly the door opened, and then grandmother rushed in with some men from the forest.

The gray wolf ran out of the house with the men after him. They did not catch him, but they did not stop running until he was far away.

As for our Little Red Riding Hood, she very often played in the forest, but she never talked to a wolf again.

CEDAR TREE'S REWARD

One fine October day, a cold wind passed through the forest. The trees shivered as it passed.

"Ugh, ugh! Who are you?" asked an old elm tree.

"I am a messenger from the North Wind," was the answer.

The birds did not wait to hear anything more. They were much afraid of North Wind, and flew here and there in the forest, calling to their friends.

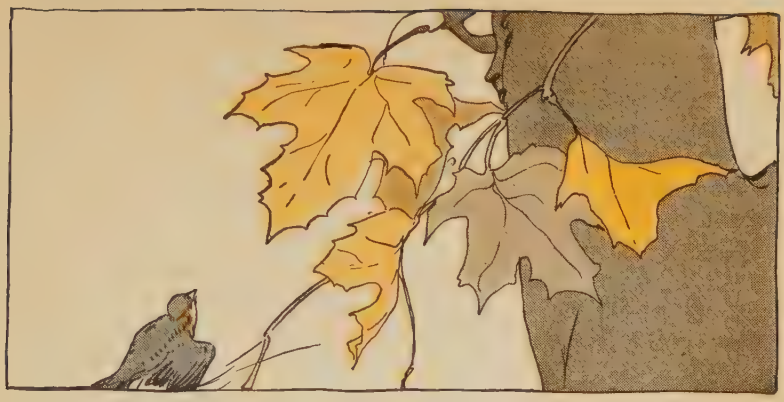
"Come, come!" they said to the last of the robins.

"I am coming," said Robin.

In his haste he flew against a branch of the apple tree. One of his wings was broken, and he fell to the ground. He could fly no more.

"What shall I do?" cried Robin. "With this broken wing, I cannot travel to the South. Perhaps Maple Tree will protect me and keep me warm."

He hopped through the forest till he came to the Maple Tree.



"Beautiful Maple Tree," said the bird, "will you shelter me in your branches?"

Maple Tree was dreaming. She did not hear Robin.

Then poor Robin fluttered along until he came to the tall Elm Tree. The branches of this tree were covered with brown leaves.

"This tree would be a fine shelter," said Robin to himself. "I shall ask him to help me."

"Elm Tree, you are very tall," said the bird. "Will you protect me? Please shelter me in your branches."

"No, indeed!" Elm Tree replied coldly. "I could not think of such a thing. I would never even speak to anything so tiny as a bird."

"Poor Robin!" said Cedar Tree, who was standing near. "Come and tell me why you are so sad."

"I am sad because no tree will shelter me from the storms while North Wind is here," replied the little bird.

"You may come and stay with me, in one of my very warmest branches, and you may eat some of my berries," said Cedar Tree.

"Thank you," said the tired Robin. "Now North Wind will never find me."

The little bird fluttered to a branch of the friendly tree. There he perched, safe and warm.

That very night, Jack Frost sent North Wind to blow wild music.

"I shall blow," shouted North Wind, "until every leaf is on the ground."

Then Jack Frost cried, "Do not blow any leaves from Cedar Tree. Because she has sheltered the poor little bird, I will protect her."

North Wind still obeys Jack Frost. To this day, Cedar Tree does not shed her leaves when North Wind blows.

THE LITTLE ARTIST

Oh, there is a little artist
  Who paints, in the cold night hours,
Pictures of wee, wee children,
  Of wondrous trees and flowers;
Pictures of snow-capped mountains,
  Touching the snow-white sky;
Pictures of distant oceans,
  Where pygmy ships sail by;

Pictures of rushing rivers,
  By fairy bridges spanned;
Bits of beautiful landscapes,
  Copied from elfin land.
The moon is the lamp he paints by,
  His canvas the windowpane,
His brush is a frozen snowflake;
  Jack Frost is the artist's name.

KING ALFRED AND THE CAKES

In the days of King Alfred there was great trouble in England.

The Danes made war upon the country, and the people became very poor.

Alfred himself was poor too, for he gave to his people whatever he had.

One day there was a great battle. The Danes won, and Alfred had to flee for his life.

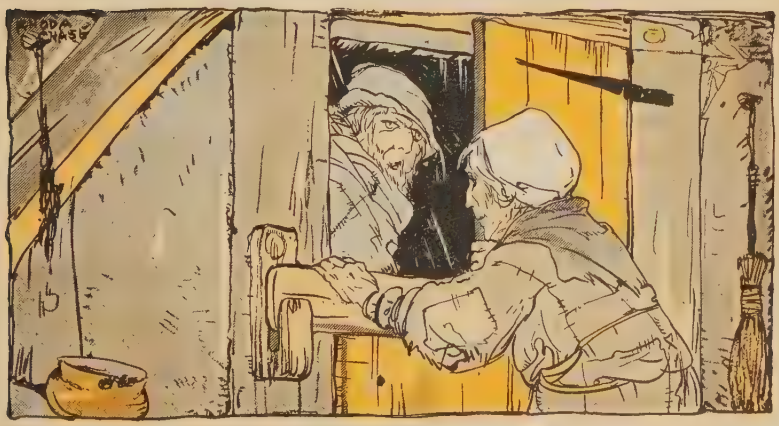
He put on an old dirty, ragged, cloak, so that no one would know who he was. Alone he wandered through the forest.

A storm came up, and the king was so cold and wet that he finally decided to knock at the door of a little hut.

The door was opened by an old woman.

"May I come in and rest by your fire?" asked Alfred. "I am very tired."

"Certainly," said the old woman.



She gave him a seat by the warm fire, and then went out to gather more wood.

"Watch the cakes and see that they do not burn," she said as she went out. "When I return, we shall have supper."

For a few minutes Alfred watched the cakes. Then he forgot about them and began to plan what he would do the next day.

Once he smelled smoke, but he only drew his cloak more closely about him.

At last the door of the house opened, and the old woman rushed inside.

She caught up a bundle of sticks and struck Alfred across the back.

"Lazy!" she cried. "If you will not earn your supper, you shall have none. To bed with you!"

RHODA
CHASE

Alfred turned to look at the cakes. They were burned to a cinder.

Without a word, he went to the corner and lay down upon his bed of rushes.

For a time he lay there and listened to the grumbling of the angry woman. Then he forgot about her, in his plans for the next day.

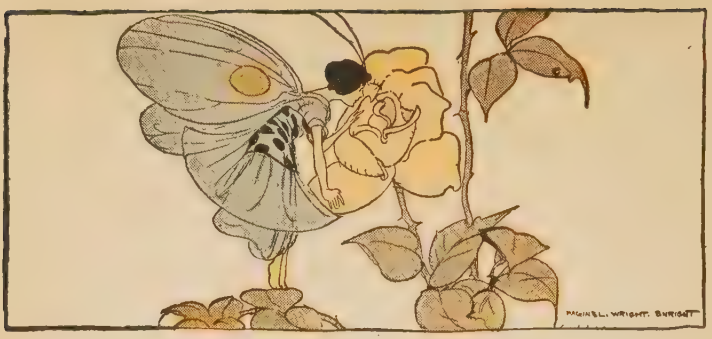
The old woman woke next morning, and found that her visitor was gone.

A few days later Alfred again passed through the forest with his army.

The old woman shaded her dim eyes with her hand and looked after him.

At last she knew who had burned the cakes, and whom she had beaten that rainy night.

KATHA CHASE



WHAT IS PINK?

What is pink? A rose is pink,
By the fountain's brink.

What is red? A poppy's red,
In its barley bed.

What is blue? The sky is blue,
Where the clouds float through.

What is white? A swan is white,
Sailing in the light.

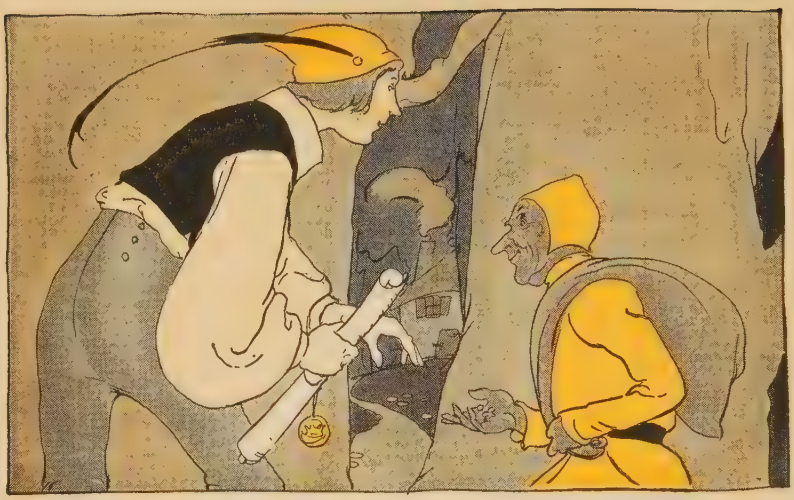
What is yellow? Pears are yellow,
Rich and ripe and mellow.

What is green? The grass is green,
With small flowers between.

What is violet? Clouds are violet,
In the summer twilight.

What is orange? Why, an orange,
Just an orange!

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.



THE PRINCESS LILY

"The Princess Lily never laughs. No, the princess never laughs," sighed Hans, the king's messenger.

He was talking to himself as he walked through the woods.

"Why does the princess never laugh?" some one asked.

Hans looked around quickly and saw, close by, a queer little dwarf.

"She has never laughed in her life," replied Hans. "The king has now said that anyone who makes her laugh may have her hand in marriage. Many try, but all fail."

"You yourself may win this princess if you wish, my friend," said the dwarf. "Listen to what I tell you. To-morrow, when the sun rises, go down to the lake. There you will find a white swan. Give these crumbs to the swan, and it will follow you.

"Everyone will ask for a feather from the swan. When the first feather is pulled, the swan will give a scream. Then you must cry, 'Swan, hold fast!' The hand that is touching the feather will be held fast.

"Soon a chain of people will follow you. Lead them to the palace gate. When the princess sees them, she will surely laugh.

"Touch the people with this wand as soon as you wish to free them, and the swan will let go."

The dwarf disappeared.

Next morning Hans went to the lake. There he found the snow-white swan swimming around. It ate the crumbs from his hands.

Then Hans started toward the palace with the swan in his arms. Soon he passed a little group of girls picking flowers. The girls looked at the swan.

"Oh, see the swan!" they cried.

"What a fine bird!" one girl said. "May I take one of its feathers?"

"Yes, indeed," said Hans.

The girl grasped a long white feather from the swan's tail.

The swan screamed, and Hans called, "Swan, hold fast!"

The girl pulled with all her might but she was held fast.

Just then a boy ran down the road. He put out his hand to free the girl.

As soon as he touched the girl's hand, the swan screamed. Then Hans cried, "Swan, hold fast!"

The boy was held fast with the girl.

Then Hans, the girl, and the boy, walked together down the long road to the palace.

They met a man with a dancing bear.

"What is the matter?" asked the man.

Still leading the bear, he grasped the hand of the boy.

The swan screamed, and Hans cried, "Swan, hold fast!"

By the time Hans reached the gate of the palace, there was a long chain of people following him. All were held by the magic swan.

As he was about to enter the gates, a golden chariot came in sight. In it sat the princess who never laughed.

Hans watched her face. When she saw the swan and the chain of people, she began to smile. Then she laughed until the tears ran down her face.

All who heard her laughed too.

The king jumped out of the chariot and grasped the hand of Hans.

"My good friend," he said to Hans, "you shall have much gold, and live in a splendid palace."

Hans bowed low before the king. Then he picked up his magic wand and touched the girl.

The swan at once let go and rose high in the air. It flew over the tree tops and disappeared.

Everyone stared after it. When it was gone, all turned to look for Hans.

He was seated in the golden chariot with the Princess Lily.

"This is my new son," said the king. "There will be a wedding in the palace, and you are all invited to be present, because you have helped our good Hans to make the princess laugh."

THE FAIRIES

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We dare not go a hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather.

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home;
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watch dogs
All night awake.

By the craggy hillside,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As dig them up in spite?
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

COLUM MOOR AND THE ELVES

There is a story that Colum Moor was a farmer who had many cattle.

Early one fine morning, Colum Moor went to the cow barn to milk his cows. To his surprise, they gave no milk. They seemed to be very tired.

"Some elves have cast a spell here," said Colum Moor to himself. "Now if I sprinkle dust on the cows, I may be able to break the spell."

He sprinkled dust on the cows' backs, but still they gave no milk.

That night, when all was very still, Colum Moor went to the barn and hid in an oxcart.

Soon he saw a light under the door. In a moment, a troop of laughing elves came running into the barn.

They were spindle-legged little chaps, with caps and long coats of yellow. Their shoes had long, pointed toes. In their caps were lights like stars.

A silver bugle hung from each belt, and every elf had a whip in his hand.

Quick as a flash, each elf mounted a cow and rode away. They shouted as they went, and then all was still.

Colum Moor was quiet till the elves had left the barn. Then he mounted his horse and galloped after them.

On and on they rode, till they reached Noderee Hill.

Then the elves sounded their horns, and suddenly a door in the hill opened. All passed through the doorway.

The farmer jumped from his horse and followed the elves. Then the door closed again.

Within was a large, beautiful hall, where a great feast had been prepared.

The elves sat down at the long table, and Colum Moor sat with them.

An elf beside him whispered softly, "You must eat nothing, or you will be changed into an elf."

Presently all was still. The king of the elves lifted a beautiful cup.

"The Cup of Cheer!" cried the elves.

They passed it from one to the other, and each drank from it.

When it came to Colum Moor, he did not drink. He took the beautiful cup and threw the liquid over the elves and the lights.

The room was dark, but a tiny ray of light came from a crack in the door.

The farmer held the cup in his hand and ran toward the light. He opened the door and rushed away. Close behind came the elves.

Up hill and down dale they raced. At last the farmer came to a river. There he found his horse, and the two swam the river together.

The elves could not cross the water. They jumped up and down with rage and shook their whips, when they saw Colum Moor beyond the river.

They knew that they were too late.

The farmer rode slowly toward home. As his tired horse walked along, he heard some one calling to him.

"Colum Moor, listen!"

He looked around but saw no one. The cup itself was speaking.

"As long as you keep me," it said, "you and your wife will be happy. Many years ago, the elves carried me away. You have saved me, and only happiness and cheer can come to you while you keep me."

Colum Moor hurried home to show the wonderful cup to his wife. He told her the whole story.

"We must keep the cup for the rest of our lives," they both said.

Early the next morning Colum Moor went to the cow barn. There he found all his fine cows, waiting for him to come and milk them.

Then he knew that the Cup of Cheer had brought him this good fortune.

Ever after, he guarded carefully the prize he had saved from the elves of Noderee Hill.

MY SHADOW

I have a little shadow
that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him
is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me
from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me,
when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him
is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children,
which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller,
like an India-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little
that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion
of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me
in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me,
he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie
as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early,
before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew
on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow,
like an arrant sleepyhead,
Had stayed at home behind me
and was fast asleep in bed.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER

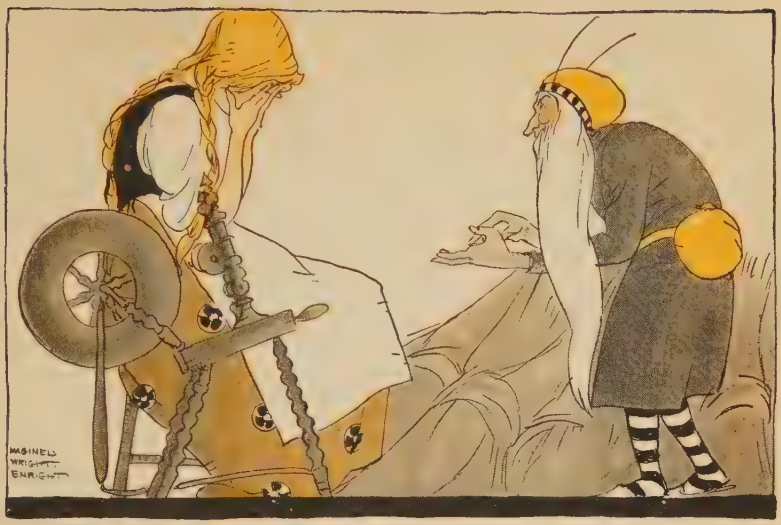
A miller had one daughter, of whom he was proud. He boasted to the king that she could spin straw into gold.

"Send the girl to the palace at once. I should like to try her skill," ordered the king.

The daughter of the miller was sent to the king's palace.

The king led the frightened girl into a large room filled with straw. Then he gave her a spinning wheel.

"You shall spin all night," said he. "If you do not spin all this straw into fine gold, you shall surely die to-morrow morning."



The king closed the door and left the miller's daughter alone in the room.

The unfortunate girl began to cry. She could not spin straw into gold.

Suddenly the door opened. A little elf with a long beard walked into the room.

"What does this mean?" he said.

"The king has ordered me to spin all this straw into gold, and I do not know how," the miller's daughter replied.

"What will you give me, if I do it for you?" asked the elf.

"I will give you my necklace," said the miller's daughter.

The elf took the necklace. Then he seated himself at the wheel and worked busily all night.

Before sunrise the king returned. The straw had been spun into gold. The king took all of it, but he wished to have still more.

The next night the greedy king led the girl to a larger room, quite filled with straw. Once more he gave her a spinning wheel.

"Spin this straw into gold," he said, "or you shall die to-morrow morning."

The king closed the door behind him and the miller's daughter began to cry.

At once the door opened, and the elf appeared.

"What will you give me this time, if I spin the straw into gold?" the elf asked.

"I will give you my new ring," said the miller's daughter.

In the morning the king was happy when he saw the shining gold, but he wanted still more.

That very night he led the poor girl to a larger room, filled with straw.

"If you spin the straw into gold, you shall be my queen," he said.

Then he left her alone in the room. Again the little elf appeared.

"If I spin all this straw into gold, what will you give me?" said he.

"I have nothing left to give you," the girl answered sadly.

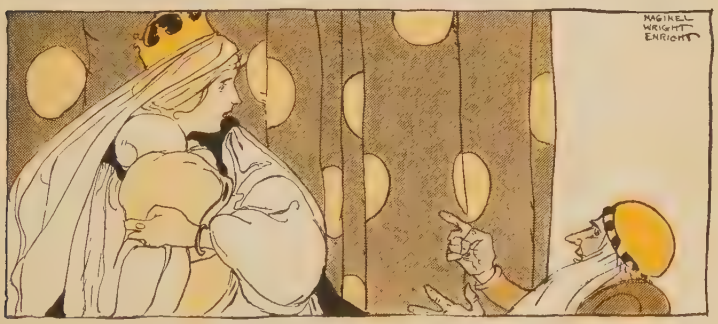
"Then promise, after you are queen, to give me your first child."

"I surely will," said the girl.

Again the straw was spun into gold, and on the very next day, the daughter of the miller married the king.

Years passed, and she was so happy that she forgot her promise to the elf.

One day she was holding her baby, when the old elf appeared in the room. Then she remembered.



"Oh, I cannot!" the poor queen cried. "I cannot part with my dear baby!"

"Guess my name," said the little elf, "and I will not take your child."

Then the queen sent her servants everywhere, to seek for strange names, but they could not find the right one.

One night as a page was walking through a forest, he saw a small fire burning brightly.

An elf was dancing around the fire, and as he danced, he sang:

"To-day I bake; to-morrow I brew;
Then, little prince, I come for you;
For no one knows, though great my fame,
That Rumpel Stiltzkin is my name."

The page told the queen.

"I am sure that is the same elf," said the queen.

The elf came to the palace two days later.

"If you do not guess my name to-day, I must take your baby," he said.

"You cannot take him," the queen said. "Your name is Rumpel Stiltzkin."

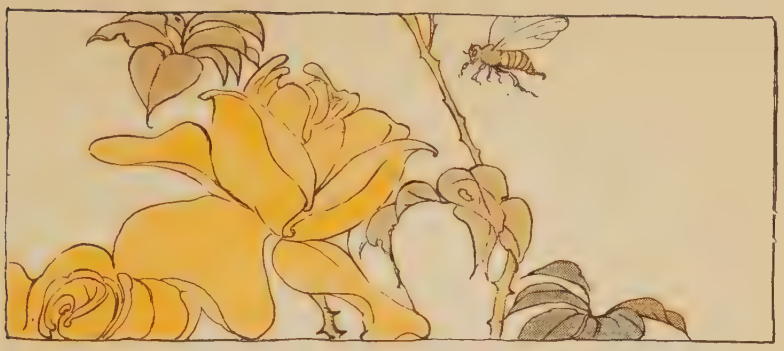
Then the elf was very angry. He tore his hair, and stamped upon the ground so hard that his feet stuck fast.

"A fairy has told you that!" he cried.

The queen laughed and went away.

The elf tried to follow her. He pulled and pulled, but there he stuck.

Those who have seen him, say that he stands there still.



TO A HONEYBEE

"Busybody, busybody,
    Always on the wing!
Wait a bit, where you have lit,
    And tell me why you sing."

Up and in the air again,
    Flap, flap, flap!
And now she stops, and now she drops
    Into the rose's lap.

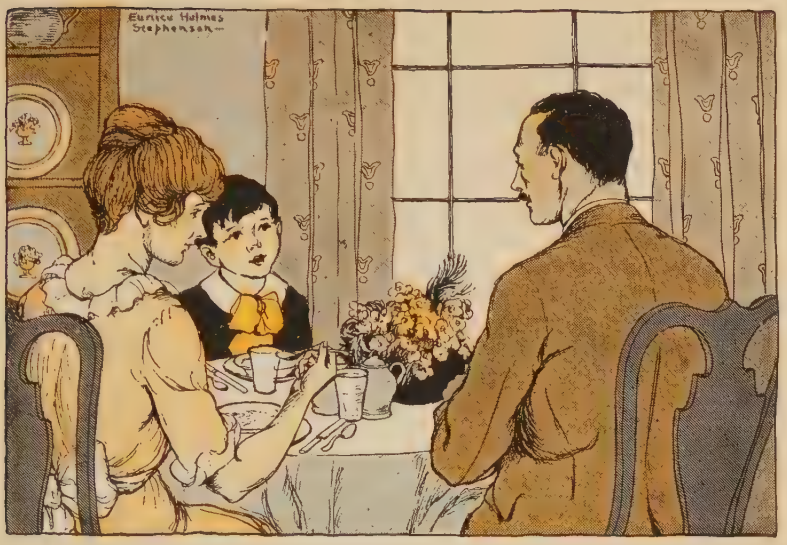
"Busybody, busybody,
Always light and gay,
It seems to me, for all I see,
Your work is only play."

And now the day is sinking
To the goldenest of eves,
And she doth creep, for quiet sleep
Among the lily leaves.

"Come, just a moment come,
From your snowy bed."
Hum, hum, hum, hum—
That was all she said.

But the while I mused, I learned
The secret of her way:
Do my part with cheerful heart,
And turn my work to play.

ALICE CARY.



THE SKATING PARTY

It was the coldest day of the year, but that made no difference to Bob.

There beside his bed hung his new Christmas skates, only one day old.

He could hardly wait to eat breakfast before starting to the pond.

"You are not going to the pond to-day, are you? It is cold. You will freeze," said his mother.

Bob almost stopped eating.

"It is not too cold," said Bob's father. "His new skates will keep him warm."

"He is too small," said his mother. "The big boys may run over him, or he may be hit with the shinny clubs.

"Stay here, Bob. Can you not learn to skate on the ice behind the shed?"

Bob looked anxiously at his father.

"I want to see them play," he said. "You can't skate back of the old shed. There are sticks in that ice."

His father smiled down at him.

"All right, son. Be careful and keep away from the big boys," he said.

Then he turned to Bob's mother.

"Don't worry," he told her. "Bob will be all right."

As soon as Bob finished his breakfast, he went to hunt his cap and mittens.

He pulled his sweater over his head and jerked his cap down over his ears.

His skates were strapped together and swung across his new shinny club. They jingled at every step, as he ran down the frozen road to the pond.

Through the thick bushes, he saw the bare pond. He was the first boy there, and he was glad of it.

Perhaps his mother had been right after all. The big boys might send him away. Anyhow they need not watch his first tumbles.

He sat on a rock and strapped on his skates. He knew how to do that. His father had showed him yesterday.

Then he caught hold of the bushes and pulled himself to his feet. Skating was harder than it looked.

He took his shinny club in one hand, and clung to the bushes with the other. With many falls he made his way slowly around the pond.

When he came back to the little stone, he found a group of larger boys there.

"What are you doing on our pond, Bob?" called one of them.

"Don't sit down and break the ice!" said another.

Bob grinned but found nothing to say. Just at that moment he fell again.

A big high-school boy, who had been cutting figure eights out in the middle of the pond, skated over to him.

"Give me the handle of your club," he said quietly.

"Now hold the crook with both hands. Keep your feet straight. I will give you a ride."

Bob did just exactly as he was told, and the boy pulled him up and down, and all around the pond.

At first they went slowly and then faster and faster.

Bob had never had such fun before. He forgot that he was so much smaller than the other boys.

At last they stopped by the big fire at one side of the pond.

"Better warm up!" said the big boy.

Bob sat down and tugged at his skates until he loosened them. Then he warmed his cold feet and blew on his fingers.

When the fire needed more wood, he was the first to run to the thicket for branches and brushwood.

He sat on a log, happily watching the others.

At last the big boy appeared again.

"Hungry, Bob?" he asked.

Bob nodded. He was always hungry.

"Come on, then. You can help."

They went together over to the store behind the mill. When they came back their arms were full of bundles.

By the time they reached the pond, the noon whistles were blowing, and all the skaters were around the fire.

Then the heavy bundles were opened. There were frankfurters, brown rolls, and strips of bacon.

Each boy took a sharp stick and hung a strip of bacon over the roaring fire. Bob watched his own strip of bacon until it began to burn.

It was good—better than the bacon he had eaten for breakfast.

Then some one put a big frankfurter on his stick, and another, and another. With every hot frankfurter, there was a roll.

When it was all over, Bob still sat by the fire. He had never been so happy before.

He brought more wood for the fire. Then he strapped on his skates again.

He worked his way along a creek this time. There really was no room on the pond.

Suddenly he heard a cry of "Shinny on your own side!" The game was just beginning. He took off his skates and ran back to the rock.

He could not understand the game, but he watched every move. Most of all he kept watch for the bright-red cap of his big friend.

Half the boys were over on one side of the pond and half on the other side. Between, stood the boy in the red cap and a boy in a green sweater.

They had shinny clubs in their hands and struck twice at the ice and then at a little block of wood.

After that, Bob was not quite sure what happened.

There was a clatter of shinny clubs, and everyone shouted.

Once the block of wood flew over to the fire. Bob dashed out on the ice to give it back to the players.

He felt he had a part in the game.

When the fun was at its height, he lost sight of the red cap. At last he saw the big boy leaving the pond.

"What is the matter?" called a voice.

"Skate strap broke," was the answer. "No, I can't use it. Too short."

"Take mine! Take mine!" cried Bob.

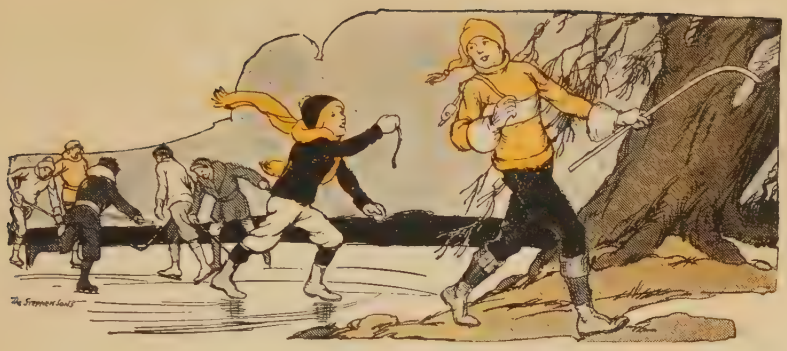
He quite forgot about his promise not to get in the way. He ducked under the arms of the boys.

"Take mine! Take mine!" he begged. "I was going home anyway."

The big boy looked down in surprise.

"Really? Thanks," was all he said.

Bob watched long enough to be sure that "our side" was winning.



Then he hurried home. It had been a perfect day.

"Where is Bob?" the big boy asked a little later. "Gone? He's all right. Good little strap, too. I'll take it to him on the way home."

"Hurrah for Bob and his skate strap!" cried one of the other boys.

The cheer was given with good will. Bob was halfway home, but he heard the shout. He stopped to listen and then ran on, happier than ever.

AN ESCAPE FROM THE INDIANS

In the old days a very small group of log cabins stood alone in the middle of the Kentucky forest. A high wall was built around the cabins to protect them from the Indians.

Daniel Boone and his large family lived in one of these cabins.

Every day all the men went to work in the fields, or to make hunting trips. The women and the children usually stayed near home.

One day Boone's daughter went out for a walk with two other girls.

They walked together to the river, and there they found an old boat.

"Let us cross the river and see what is on the other side," said one girl.

At once they stepped into the boat and rowed across the river. As they landed, a party of Indians appeared and dragged them away.

Some women heard the screaming of the girls, but they could do nothing till the men came home. By that time it was already night.

Boone was away till late that evening. When he returned from hunting, he found the women crying and the men making bullets.

"What has happened?" he asked. His wife told him.

"We must follow the Indians," said Boone. "Who will go with me?"

Eight men offered to go, and soon everything was ready.

Early next morning the men crossed the river. They found that the Indians had gone through the thick cane.

"The Indians could not travel very rapidly that way," said Boone. "Let us go *around* the cane. We shall then find the trail on the other side."

Around the cane went the white men. On the other side was the Indian trail leading into the forest.

"See!" cried Boone. "Here is a bit of my daughter's dress. She has torn it off to help us find her."

The men pushed on faster than ever. Sometimes they found broken twigs or bits of torn cloth to mark the way.

Before long they saw a little smoke in the forest and knew that they were near the Indian camp.

Then they hid behind trees and came closer and closer. They were so careful that the Indians did not hear them.

At last they were so close that they could see the Indians themselves.

The rifles of the savages were piled at one side, and the girls sat near by.

"Let two men stay over here with me. Three of you go to the right and three to the left," said Boone. "When I raise my cap, all shout and rush forward."

Two of them guarded the pile of rifles, and three of them protected the girls. The others raced after the Indians.

The red men were so badly startled that they rushed off into the forest without even looking for their guns.

The white men did not follow very far. Their work was done when they saved the girls. The little party hurried back to those who were waiting for them within the walls.

A BOY'S SONG

Where the pools are bright and deep.
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

And this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

James Hogg.

FRANK'S BIG FISH

"Take me with you, father, *please!*"

For the third time, Mr. Jones shook his head.

Frank knew what was coming, and spoke quickly to answer all objections.

"No," he said, "I won't get too tired, and I won't ask to come home too soon; I won't make a noise to scare the fish, and I won't be drowned in the river, or *anything.* Please take me, father."

His father dropped the last fat worm into the can and cleaned the muddy spade before he answered.

"Well," he said slowly, "but you must promise."

"Oh, yes, I promise!" shouted Frank. He raced off to the kitchen to be sure there was enough lunch in the basket.

In less time than it takes to tell, Frank and his father were halfway down the road to the river.

"I am too big for those baby poles with a pin on the end," said Frank. "I can really fish now. You will give me one of *your* poles this time, won't you?"

Mr. Jones nodded smilingly but said nothing.

Silently the two made their way down through the bushes to the river bank. Frank's father shook his finger at him as he started for the water's edge.

"I won't fall in, father. Honestly!"

"Oh, no," said Mr. Jones, "I am sure of that."

He took a rope from his own basket, and knotted it around Frank's waist. Then he fastened him to a big tree, and put a fishing rod in his hands.

"Now you are safe," he said. "Fish all you want to."

Frank did not much like to be tied, but it was better than staying at home.

"What shall I do if I get a big fish?" he asked.

Mr. Jones smiled. "If you are sure that you have a big fish, call for me. I will come and help you."

With that, he picked up his own rod and went farther up the river. He was scarcely in his place before he heard a great shout and knew from the sound that Frank was in trouble.

He dropped his pole, shouted in reply, and raced back through the bushes.

He could see Frank bending forward and tugging at the pole with both hands. Something was pulling the line so hard that only the rope kept him from being dragged into the river.

"Hold tight!" cried the father.

"It is the big fish!" shouted Frank. He did not have breath to say more.

Mr. Jones took the rod from his hands. How hard that fish pulled! It must be the largest in the river.

He worked a long time before he could land the catch. When at last it lay on the ground, Frank and his father looked at it and both laughed.

It was a turtle, a great-grandfather turtle, the largest they had ever seen.

"May I keep it, father?" Frank asked eagerly.

"If mother is willing."

Frank thought it over and ate lunch without saying a word. When the last bite was eaten, he shook his head.

"Mother will say 'No,' I am sure. I shall just have to carry it back here, and it is too heavy."

He sighed and dragged the turtle to the edge of the river. Into the water he tumbled it, and sadly watched it disappear.

"I do wish the fellows had seen it," he said as he followed his father home through the woods.

SEVEN TIMES ONE

There's no dew left
on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven;
I've said my "Seven times"
over and over —
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old
I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always,
they know no better;
They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night
I have seen you sailing,
And shining so round and low;
You were bright! ah, bright!
but your light is failing —
You are nothing now but a bow.

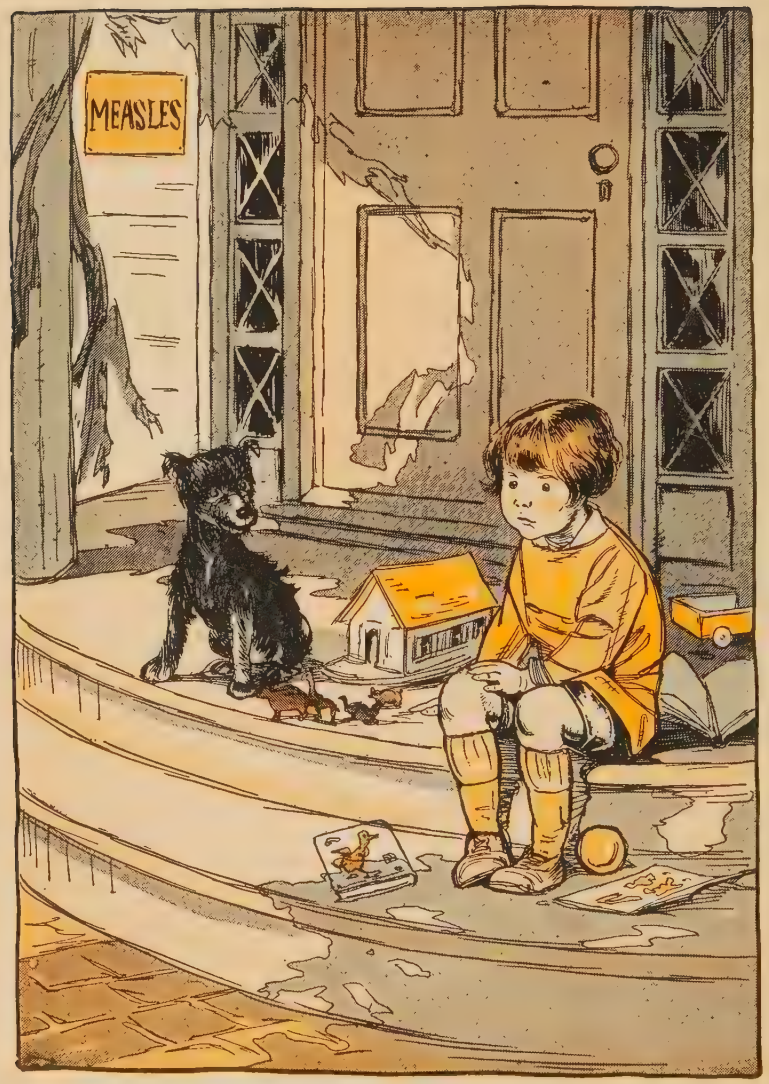
You moon, have you done
something wrong in heaven
That God has hidden your face?
I hope, if you have,
you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

HARRIET CHASE

O velvet bee,
you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold!
O brave marsh mary-buds,
rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

And show me your nest
with the young ones in it —
I will not steal them away,
I am old! you may trust me,
linnet, linnet, —
I am seven times one to-day!

JEAN INGELOW.


MEASLES

JACK'S BIRTHDAY

It was Jack's birthday, and he sat all alone on the steps. On either side of him were books and toys, but Jack did not look at them.

He stared in front of him, over the fields to the circus tent. Then he turned and scowled at the yellow card beside the door:

He could hear the peanut boy cry, "Fresh roasted peanuts! Five a bag!"

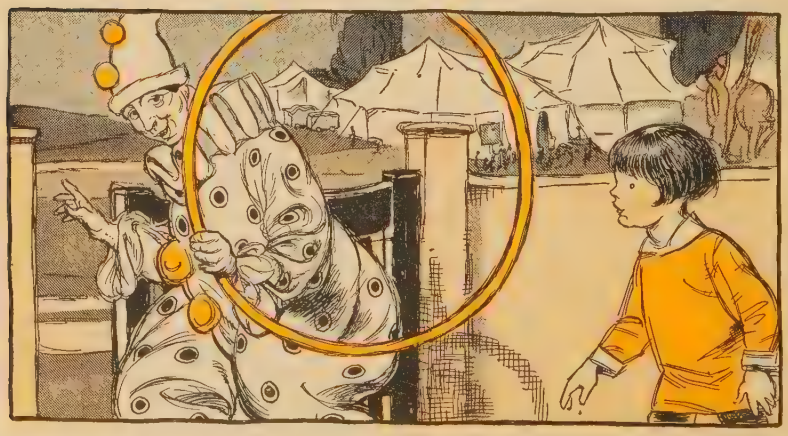
Jack dropped his head. He would not look at the tent again.

Just at that moment, he felt a touch on his shoulder and heard a merry laugh.

He looked up in surprise and found a clown beside him.

The clown grinned from ear to ear and laid his finger on his lips. Then he beckoned Jack to follow him.

Jack jumped to his feet and tiptoed after him, through the gate and over to the circus tent.



The clown lifted a flap of the tent and Jack crawled under it. He found himself in a queer place.

There were rows and rows of seats, and on them were all the animals that belonged to the circus.

"Why are they here?" asked Jack. "What are they going to do?"

"Just wait," said the clown. "Hide behind this cask, and do not let them see you, no matter what happens."

With that, the clown lifted the flap and disappeared.

Jack did not have time to be afraid. He was too much interested.

"Come to order," said a big elephant, seated in front of the others. All the animals were so still that Jack could hear them breathe.

You have come here to-day to settle a very important question," said the elephant.

"For a long time we have done what the ringmaster told us. Now we are tired. What can we do?"

Instantly there was a murmur among the animals. All began to talk at once.

"I think we should refuse to stay here," said a small monkey. "I should like to go home again and swing in a real tree.

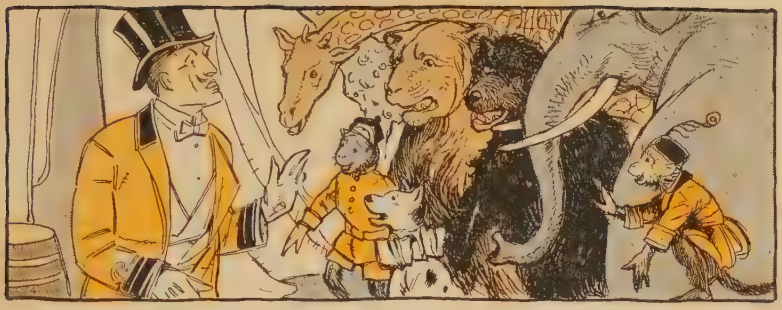
"Besides, I am tired of peanuts. Every boy who passes, sticks some into my cage."

"You should not complain," said the elephant. "Suppose you had to stand on a little wooden tub, not half big enough. Then you *would* be tired."

"That is nothing," said a trick pony. "After working all morning, I have to answer silly questions in the afternoon and even tell how old I am. Stupid!"

"It certainly is too much," cried a trained dog. "I do not mind telling you that I am through with it. I have stood on my head for the last time. To-day, when the ringmaster cracks his whip—"

"Sh—! Here he is," said some one.



"What is this?" cried the ringmaster as he walked into the room. "It is time for the circus to begin. Go to your places every one of you."

There was a crack of a whip, and everyone jumped. Even the ringmaster looked surprised. Where was his whip? Who had cracked it?

"Fair play!" cried the elephant. "We have obeyed you for a long time. Now you must obey us. What shall be the first act?"

"Feed him peanuts!" screamed the monkey.

"Make him jump through a hoop!"

"Let him carry the snake charmer!"

"Put him on the trapeze!"

The last was the best plan. All the animals rushed toward him.

"Help! Help!" he shouted, as they pushed him toward the door.

Jack laughed, and when they heard that, all the animals stood still.

"Some one is watching us," they cried. "Put him out."

Jack began to run, but he could not find the flap. Round and round the tent he ran.

The animals were so close behind him that he could feel their breath.

Then he turned quickly and ran into the canvas wall.

"Here are some peanuts for you. Jack! Here are some peanuts!"

Jack sat up and looked around. Not an animal was to be seen.

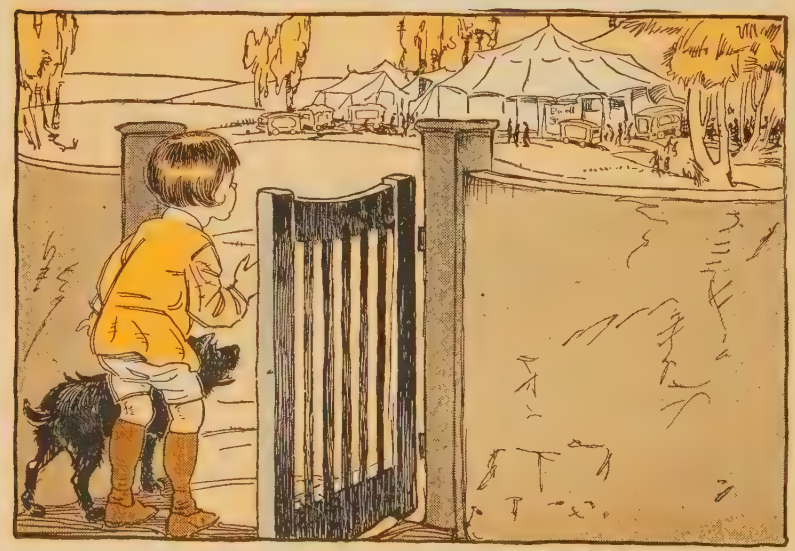
"We brought you peanuts from the circus!" said Uncle Tom.

"I was there," said Jack. He saw a smile on his uncle's face, and so he said it again:

"*I was there myself.*"

Uncle Tom went into the house, and Jack tiptoed down to the gate to look for the clown.

"At least, I think I was," said Jack.



A RIME OF TIME

How many seconds in a minute?
Sixty, and no more in it.

How many minutes in an hour?
Sixty, for sun and shower.

How many hours in a day?
Twenty-four, for work and play.

How many days in a week?
Seven, both to hear and speak.

How many weeks in a month?
Four, as the swift moon runneth.

How many months in a year?
Twelve, the Almanac makes clear.

How many years in an age?
One hundred, says the sage.

How many ages in time?
No one knows the rime.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

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